

Jealous by thunderfitz

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Summary:

Nancy and Steve just broke up (after the events of season two). Steve is upset, definitely upset, and he tries to cope. Dustin comes to the rescue.

The lyrics are from Labrinth's Jealous. I'd suggest listening to the song at some point to really get the feel for what I had imagined for 90% of this fic.

Jealous

Author's Note:

-I wrote this right before my AP english exam so it probably sucks sorry lmao.

I'm jealous of the rain that falls upon your skin. It's closer than my hands have been. I'm jealous of the rain.

Steve made his way through the rain, cursing at the coldness of it all. It was the day Nancy had technically broken up with him. Dumped him. Said "adios!" to go sleep with that freak of a guy Jonathan Byers. To be honest, Steve wasn't even sure why she was so interested. Sure, maybe he'd had a wet dream or two, or ten, or more- about Jonathan, but nothing besides that had ever been particularly interesting.

Either way, Steve Harrington felt as if his heart had been physically torn out of his chest- as if a rabid coyote had attacked him- and it wasn't the best feeling. He shook his now soaking wet hair before getting into his car. Slamming the door harder than he should have- he really was going to break that thing at some point- he sighed in his place. Nancy Wheeler. Destroyer of anything in her way. Including hearts. And oh, just his luck, speak of the devil. He looked out and saw Nancy and who he assumed was Jonathan running to said boy's car. They disappeared in the vehicle and Steve knew for sure that he and Nancy were over. Of course, he'd known this before, but it definitely didn't make the drive home any easier on him.

I'm jealous of the wind that ripples through your clothes. It's closer than your shadow. I'm jealous of the wind.

Steve stopped by the gas station on his way home and BY GOD it was like Nancy and Jonathan- "Jancy", he'd already heard it murmured around school- were a parasite. And now matter how hard Steve tried it would not go AWAY. At this point, the Harrington boy was a thousand percent convinced that the entire universe was out to get him. The two were being "adorable" together as they grabbed snacks, and Steve wanted to kick himself to the moon. Maybe he'd die.

Maybe dying would be easier.

Nancy hadn't known this, because Steve was never someone who liked wearing his heart on his sleeve, but Nancy had been the last good thing in Steve's life. The only constant that he was SURE would NEVER leave him to rot. Well, he supposed he'd definitely been wrong there. Steve purchased a case of beer, with whatever fake ID he'd managed to bring with him that day- he didn't care enough to pay attention- and then made his way outside.

The wind was almost enough to knock Steve off his ass, and he was almost certain that Nancy would blow away in wind like this. Sure enough, Jonathan was tugging Nancy to the car by hand. Great. Awesome. Steve swore if he ran into them one more fucking time that day, he would not be very thrilled.

After a few moments of watching the two- like the jealous freak he was- Steve turned the key in the ignition and began his drive. He wasn't sure where he'd go, but he decided he'd figure it out along the way.

I'm jealous of the nights that I don't spend with you. I wonder who you lay next to. I'm jealous of the night.

I'm jealous of the love. Love that was in here; gone for someone else to share. I'm jealous of the love.

The eighteen year-old boy was sure that nothing could be good again. Ever. Never ever in ten billion years would the Earth be right again because Steve Harrington lost Nancy Wheeler- damn he was self-centered. He couldn't help it. He also couldn't help parking in the old junk yard, getting out- despite the storm, and sitting on top of the old bus he and the kids had built up. He brought his beer with him.

Steve cracked a can open and took a long sip. He looked out at the view, a bit saddened that it was already turning dark. Man, he hated autumn. He hated winter, too. And rain. He pretty much hated anything that wasn't all bright and sunshine- because at least in those days, he could go outside and keep pretending that everything was fine. It was never fine.

Eventually, after a few hours of just sitting there, soaking wet, freezing to the bone, drinking cans of beer, it had gone completely dark. Well, save the town's lights. Staring out at them, he wondered where Nancy was. If she was happy. His mind quickly decided that was a bad thing to think about, and it turned to Barb. Where was Barb? Was Barb actually dead? No. Steve shouldn't think about it. He drained another can into his system, hoping that maybe that would make the bad feelings go away. It didn't. It only heightened them by maybe ten thousand percent. Fantastic. Once his mind began wandering to Jonathan and Nancy, and how they were probably hardcore making out, Steve shook his head. Nancy was beautiful. Jonathan was hot. Of course they liked one another. It was only a matter of time, and Steve was too much of an ass to pay attention to something like time. Time was dumb when your girlfriend left you and your father beat you for no reason besides the fact that sometimes you think about guys in a way you shouldn't. But who cares, right?

As I sink in the sand; watch you slip through my hands. As I die here another day, all I do is cry behind this smile.

It had been another hour, and Steve was really disappointed that he didn't have any beer left. He was also disappointed that no one seemed to be looking for him. But why would they? The storm had ended by now, but it had been really bad. Everyone probably thought Steve was dead. Steve himself had thought he was dead. Still thought so.

At this point Steve was crying, and he wasn't really consciously aware of why exactly, but somewhere in his brain he knew it was because life sucks. And there was nothing he could do about it. He highly considered just never returning to Hawkins. Moving. Somewhere big and bustling so he could become another number in an endless crowd. Crying and being drunk and soaked and just everything bad mixed together was not a good thing. Not by even a little bit. This was proved by him falling right off the top of that bus.

*I wished you the best of all this world could give.

And I told you when you left me, there's nothing to forgive. But I always thought you'd come back, tell me all you found was heartbreak and misery. It's hard for me to say I'm jealous of the way

you're happy without me.*

"Damn you! You fucking- you, whatever-material-you-are!" Steve slurred as he tried to push himself up. He felt a slight sting in his ankle, but the alcohol in his system made him too out of it to care much. He staggered up to his feet and looked for something to do, not that there was anything to do. He rubbed the tears out of his eyes before hitting his fists against the side of the bus. Obviously, it hadn't been a very good idea.

Steve yelped in pain but then continued hitting and banging and crying anyways. He was frustrated. No, more than frustrated, angry. Livid, even. He thought he heard something, maybe a bush, but he figured it was just echoes from the metal- or, well, something. He wasn't actually sure what he was thinking besides total destruction. He quickly gave up on that though, sliding down the side of the bus until he was sitting against it- too tired to keep going. And by keep going, he meant keep going.

"Steve?" The teen popped his head up, causing him to wince and rub his face. Which probably made him look even crazier, if the blood from his hands proved anything. "Steve.." There it was again. A voice. A very familiar one. He couldn't exactly see- his vision was all blurry- maybe he should get glasses-

"Steve." The voice said more urgently, almost in worry. Steve frowned. People didn't worry about him. "Steve, come on.." The figure came into view as it crouched down in front of him. The look was definitely one of worry. And, needless to say, it threw Steve for a loop.

"...Dustin?"

"Come on, you look like shit. We'll have to get you to my house somehow, although I'm not entirely sure how unless you let me drive your car-"

"What are... how are... ?" Steve muttered in confusion, not fully understanding.

Dustin's face was one of pity- that Steve knew for sure- before he

attempted getting Steve up off the ground. He held him up by his side, which was extremely difficult given the size difference, but Dustin managed. He always managed.

Some few hours later, Steve woke up in a bed. And it wasn't his. His head was pounding. Suddenly worried that he totally slept with someone, he sprung up. Oh yeah, that was a bad idea. He flopped back onto the bed with a groan. "Fuck".

From that, he heard a small giggle come from across the room. Looking up, he was immediately confused to see Dustin. He was in Dustin's room. Well, that explained all the nerd gear. "You're lucky my mom wasn't in here, she would have kicked your ass- injured or not." He laughed, his not-so-toothy grin lighting up his face. It quickly went away, replaced by a face full of nothing but concern. "Are you okay?"

"Why do you care?" Steve asked curiously. "You barely know me. I could have been planning to kill someone or something. I mean I WASN'T- but I could have been." This made Dustin laugh again, and he walked around the bed, taking a seat on it next to Steve.

"You're my friend, Steve. As much as it pains me to admit, you're my friend. Friends help each other. No matter what deep shit they're in."

"...Even if they plan on killing someone?"

"Even if they kill someone. But, uh- ha- please don't kill anyone. I've had enough death to last a lifetime." Dustin joked, laughing nervously. Steve nodded as a silent promise and agreement. Dustin grabbed some water and had Steve drink from it slowly. A friend. An actual friend who cared about him.

Steve wasn't jealous anymore.